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# the Lone Ranger

A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE



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# The LONE RANGER

## *Home-Coming*

**STAND TALLLY,  
WISCONSIN HEAD  
WEST TOWARD  
WISCONSIN CAP.**

"YES, TORONTO, THEY WENT ON CRYING TO THE NEW HOMESTEAD LAWS. THE GOVERNMENT OPENED THEIR ROUTE IN 1885--THERE HAS BEEN NO INDIAN TROUBLE SINCE OVER A HUNDRED YEARS."



**LEARN BIG  
EASILY WITH  
PROJECTS**

HERE A NICE CHRISTMAS -- WE'RE GOING  
BACK TO THE WOODS AND SPENDING  
CAMP FROM TORONTO COMING ON CHRISTMAS!



**THOSE BRAVES ARE IN WAR PAINT! THEY MUST HAVE SEEN THE WAGON TRAIN, TOO!**

I HOPE THE  
SHOTS WILL  
WAKE THE  
SETTLERS IN  
TIME.

*With the help of education,  
you can help your  
children grow.*



IMPORTANT ADDITION: Please record questions from Forms 2007-2 and continue encrypted under Exhibit Form 2007-2.

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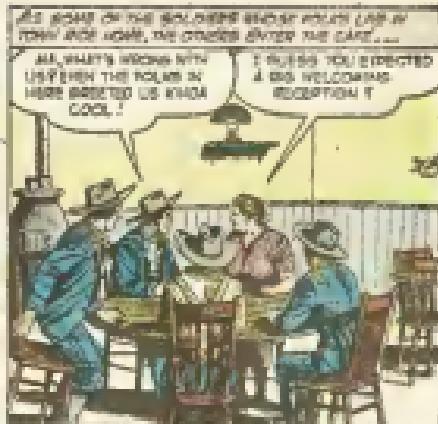


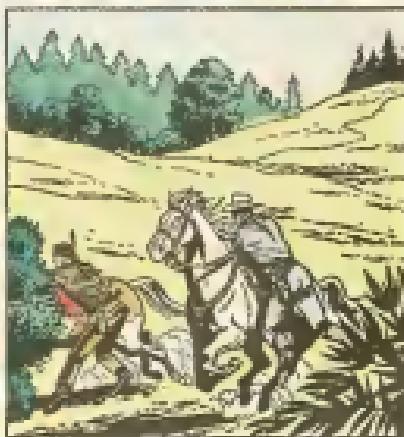




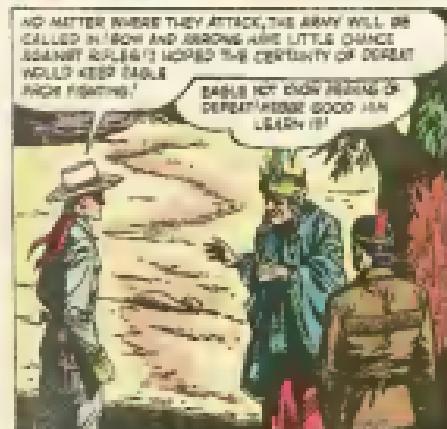


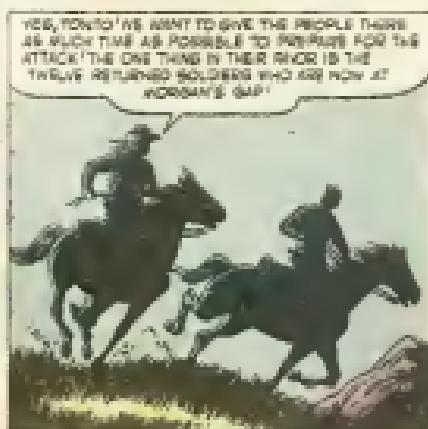
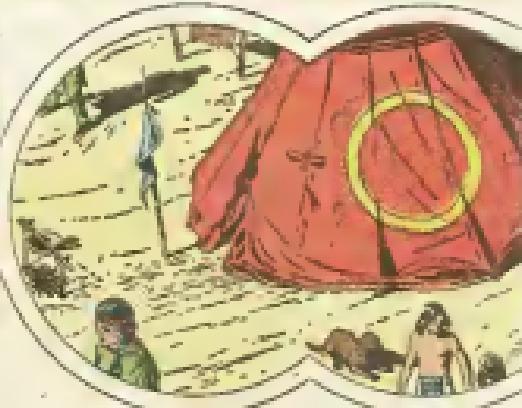




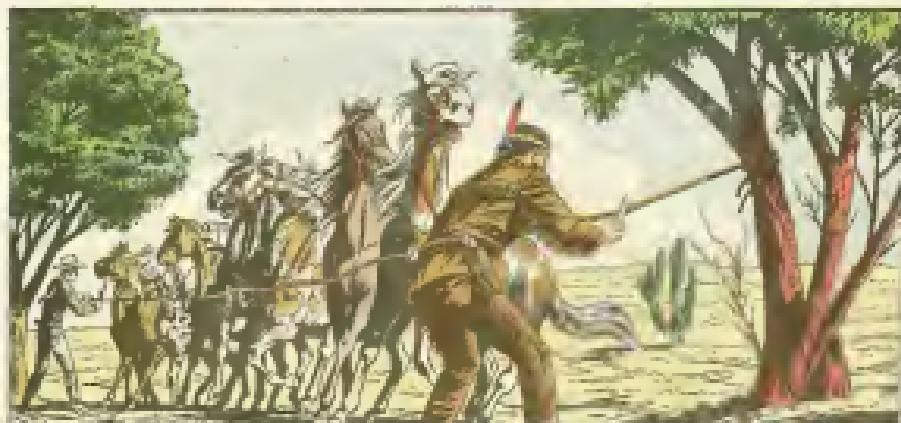










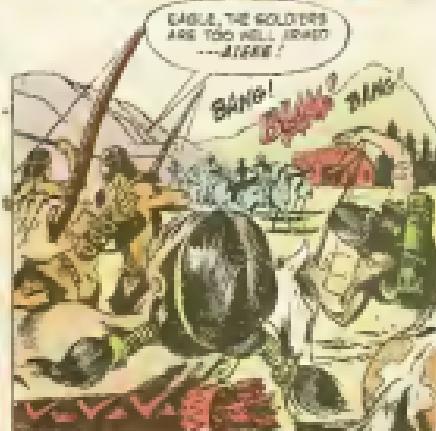


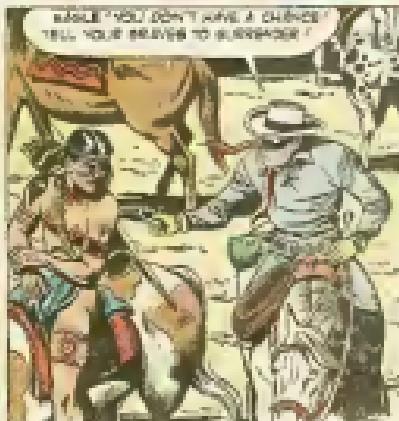


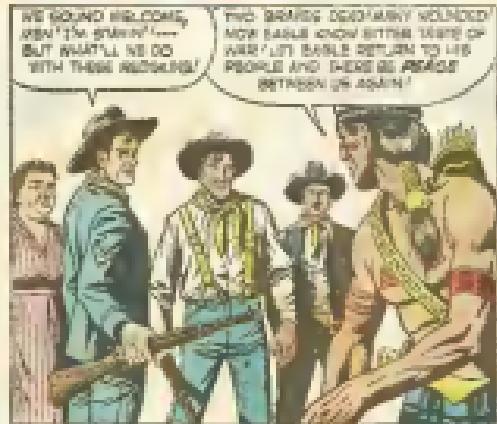












# The LONE RANGER

## The Sheriff's Son

MENO BABY! YOU  
THINK WE REACH BIG  
ROCK BEFORE  
GUN' LAKE?

NO, TONTO, BUT WHEN WE ARRIVE  
WITH THE GOVERNOR, FORGOTTEN WITH US  
ARE BROTHERS CHENEY, GUY AND ROBERT—  
BOTH WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE! HE  
MAY BE A CROOK, AND MAY STILL LIVE IN  
BIG ROCK! WELL BE THERE SOON!  
—ATTIE RANGER!

IT'S A FAIR LADY,  
LEAVE PEGGY BEHIND  
OUT IN THE COUNTRY ON  
SOMETHING SHE IS  
INNOCENT!

THE FER NAMED IN THE CONFESSOR  
THE GOVERNOR FORGOTTEN WITH US  
ARE BROTHERS CHENEY, GUY AND ROBERT—  
BOTH WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE! HE  
MAY BE A CROOK, AND MAY STILL LIVE IN  
BIG ROCK! WELL BE THERE SOON!  
—ATTIE RANGER!

MEANWHILE, HEAT AND ROCK...

HERE COMES  
THE PAYROLL  
SUSPECT!

UP WITH YOUR KNEE-  
CIGS, BROWNS, AND  
DON'T HESITATE TO GIVE  
THAT PAYROLL RODEO  
FOR TEAR WITH LEAD!

THERE'S A SHOTGUN  
GUARD SITTING WITH THE  
DRIVERS, SURE!

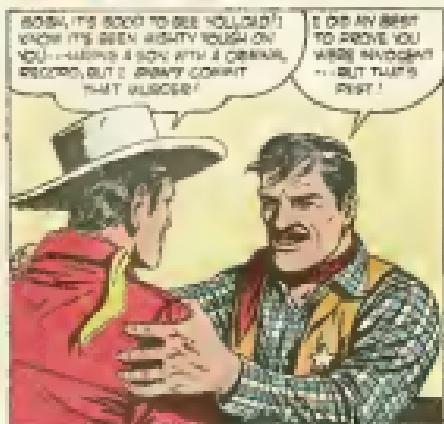
YOU COVER HIM 'TLL TAKE  
THE DRIVER.—GUNNUP!

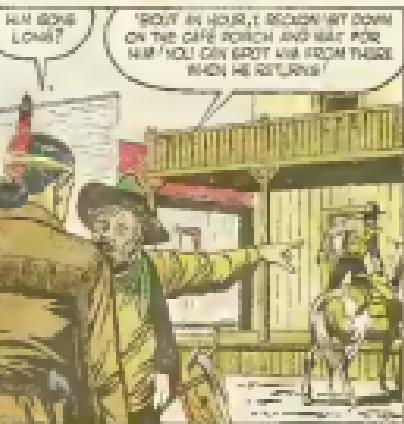
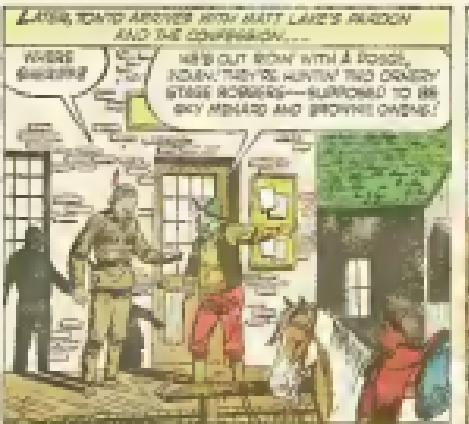
REIN  
IN!

GUN-HOLES, JIMMY!—  
GUN 'EM DOWN!







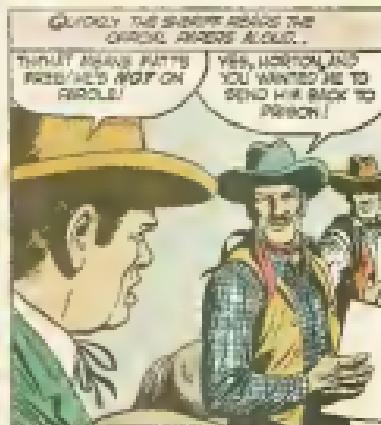


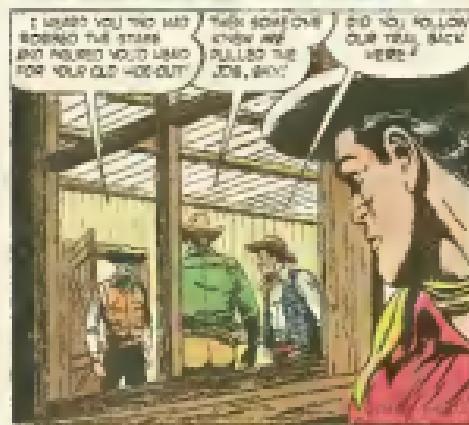




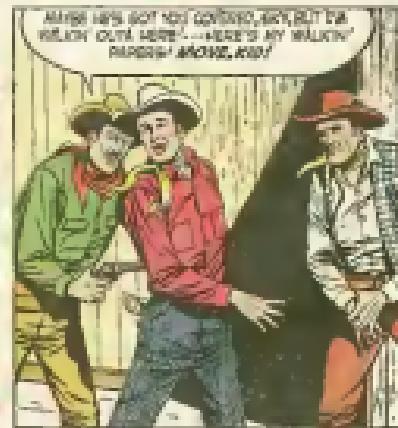
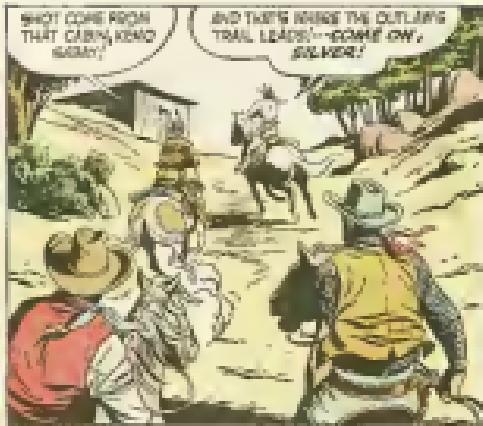




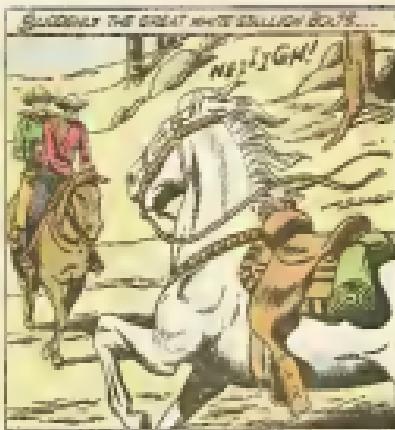






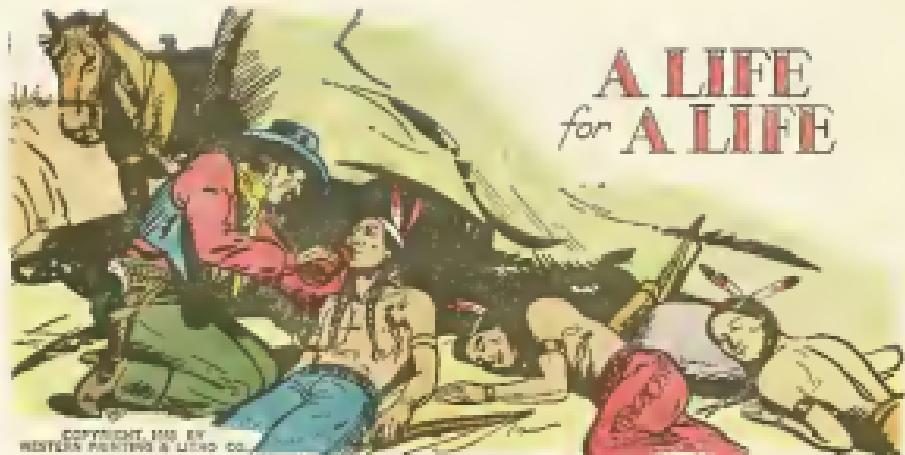








# A LIFE for A LIFE



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Big Tom Weller's eyes squinted curiously, gazing across the dry fields of the desert east of the Pecos. He was looking for signs of water. Water for the five hundred thirty longhorn cattle that were his brand, and trailed ten miles behind him! Water that would keep them going till they were out of danger!

On Tom Weller's broad shoulders rested the welfare of his four sons, back with the herd, and his plucky, uncomplaining daughter-in-law who drove the chuckwagon. If their cattle died of thirst they would all be ruined! Their hopes of a homestead on Montana's good, green grass would be gone!

Noting the dip of a little gulch ahead of him, Tom prodded his weary horse. There MIGHT be water there. . . .

The gulch made a bend, around a sharp, rocky corner. Beyond that bend there COULD be a spring, or a seep! Tom rode around it—and pulled up short, his hand darting to his holstered pistol. In the shade of the rock lay, not a spring, but three half-naked Indians. One of them reached feebly for his bow. They were all wounded—all at the end of their strength—all dying of thirst.

Big Tom Weller's hand dropped his pistol back into the holster—and reached for his water bottle. It was still almost full. Dismounting slowly, he knelt beside the tallest

Indian—the one who had reached for his bow. Tom's big, strong hand went behind the Navajo's head, raised him to drink from the bottle. The man took three sips and pushed it away.

"That took self-control!" Tom muttered, as he turned to the next man.

When he had finished bandaging the worst hurts of the three Navajos, his water bottle was empty. From a saddle pocket, he pulled a biscuit and a strip of dried beef and handed it to the tall Navajo.

"Why you . . . do . . . this, white man?" the Indian asked, meeting Tom's eyes.

"A long time ago," the Texan answered, "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves. They wounded him and left him half dead. But a stranger came along and helped him, so that he lived. My God tells me to do the same, Navajo! You savvy? Tomorrow I will come back, with more food and water."

The Indian did not reply, but his dark eyes followed Tom Weller out of sight.

When the bowing, thirsty longhorns reached the neighborhood, next day, the three Navajos were still there—and still too weak to travel. So, Tom had his boys cut out a young heifer and butcher her for them. The tall Indian's name, he learned, was Hosteen Nez. Evidently the three were sur-

vivors of a war party that had lost a fight. Tom asked about the chances of feed and water farther on, but got no encouragement. He left three horses and three bottles of water with the Navajos, and drove on, westward.

At best, he might reach the Pecos River with some of his cattle. At worst, their bones would whiten the desert sand!

The second day after leaving the Navajos, Tom Weller's cows were beginning to drop with thirst.

As he gave the word to camp for the night, he caught sight of three strange riders. They were Hosteen Nez and his men. The tall Indian rode straight to Big Tom Weller.

"I show you grass—water!" he said, using the white-man words with difficulty. "Three miles—back in hills—where Navajo keep sheep! When moon come up—bring cows—I show!"

Ten days later, Big Tom Weller drove a strong, lively herd of longhorns northward from the hidden valley. He left some good feed behind him—for the sheep of Hosteen Nez and his people. He had not seen an Indian since the moonlit night when the tall Chief had showed him the place. But he seemed that he and his family were still being watched by unseen friends in the desert hills.

Hosteen Nez had said that more grass and water lay within reach, to the north—



not much, but enough to see them through. Big Tom Weller, heading northward again, was beginning to feel that his troubles were over. And then—

Trouble struck! Five bearded, hardboiled riders came up to the Weller's campfire as they were eating supper. Only Tom, and his son, Harvey, and Harvey's wife were eating. The others were holding the herd.

The biggest of the newcomers went right to the point. He had noticed how fresh Tom's cattle were. His own were starved for feed and water. He demanded to know where Tom's longhorns had found it.

Big Tom Weller shook his head. He couldn't send strangers to use up what remained of Hosteen Nez's pasture. He said, "No!" and looked up into the muzzles of five guns.

"You tell—or we'll plant you right here, and take YOUR cows!" the bearded leader said. And it was clear that he meant it. But Tom Weller quietly bowed his head. "No!" he said again—and sensed the tightening of trigger fingers!

Suddenly bowstrings twanged in the darkness beyond the fire. Three of the would-be killers clutched at their chests, and toppled dead from their saddles. The other two whirled their mounts and fled into the night.

Slowly Tom Weller rose to his feet.

"Three of them!" he muttered in wonder. "Hosteen Nez's payment—a life for a life!"



# YOUNG HAWK

THERE IS A BLIZZARD COMING.  
YOUNG HAWK! THE SOONER  
WE START FOR HOME---

I KNOW,  
LITTLE  
BUCK....

WINTERING IN THE HEIGHTS NOW  
CALLED YELLOWSTONE PARK. THE  
TWO, MUCH-TRAVELED MANDAN YOUTHS  
SKIN OUT A FINE WOLF FELT.

-- BUT I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE  
THIS FELT BEHIND! NEEKOOTA AND  
GRANDMA KUTUNA WILL MAKE IT  
INTO ARM MUFFS. WAIT PULL!

WE SHOULD BE  
HOME BEFORE  
DARK--

-- UNLESS WE HAVE TO  
STOP AND COOK SOME  
BEAVER MEAT! I'M  
HUNGRY ALREADY!

YOU ARE ALWAYS HUNGRY,  
LITTLE BUCK AND AT THE  
RATE THE SNOW IS PILING  
UP, WE'LL BE LUCKY TO  
REACH HOME AT ALL!

A FEW HOURS LATER--  
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW  
WHERE WE'RE GOING NOW!  
MAYBE THE WIND HAS  
SHIFTED

MAYBE IF WE CAN  
FIND SOME SORT  
OF SHELTER



WITHOUT WARNING THE GROUND DROPS OUT FROM UNDER THEM

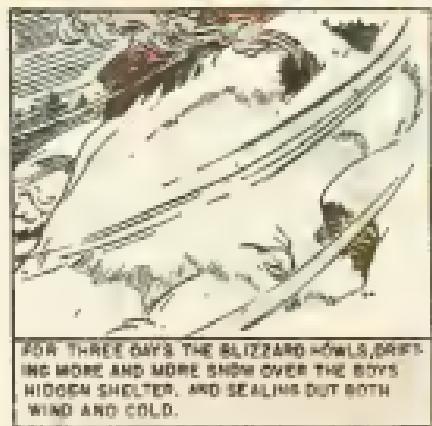
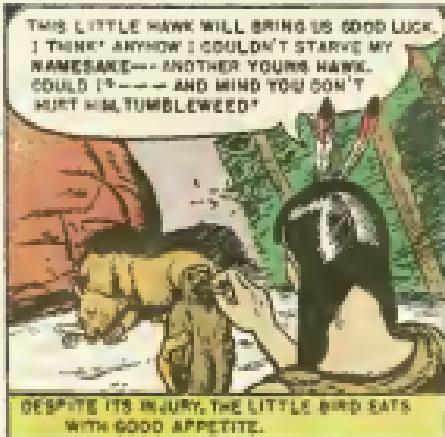


EIGHT FEET BELOW, THE LAND UNHURST IN THE DRIFTED SNOW "DORMICE" THAT BROKE FROM A LEDGE OF ROCK THAT THEY DID NOT SEE











--- HE CREEPS UP TO TUMBLEWEED, WITH  
OPEN BEAK AND WICKED INTENT!



THE RESULT IS SPECTACULAR!



WITH A FRANTIC BOUND, TUMBLEWEED HEADS  
FOR THE SNOWBANK THAT FORMS THE END  
WALL OF THE LEANTO ---



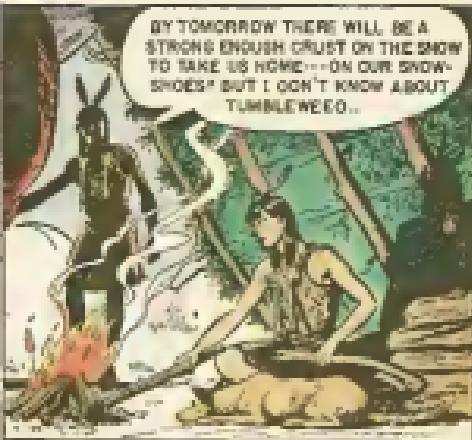
--- AND PLUNGES INTO IT, FULL LENGTH



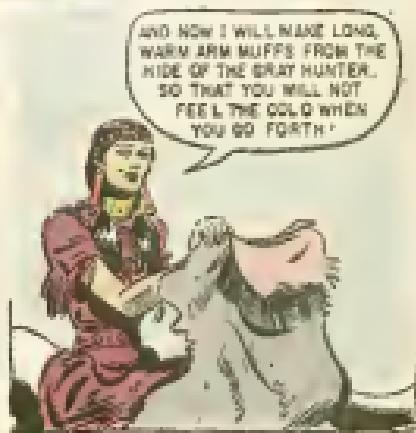
ROARING WITH LAUGHTER, THE TWO BOYS  
SEE LITTLE BROTHER STRUTTING TOWARD THEM  
--- AND TUMBLEWEED'S TAIL FRANTICALLY WAVING.



FEED HIM, LITTLE BUCK---  
HA-HA! WHILE I PULL  
TUMBLEWEED OUT!







A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN THE MUFFS ARE DONE . . .

THEY ARE FINE, NEEKODA! HOW WE MUST HUNT ANOTHER WOLF SKIN FOR MUFFS FOR YOU!



NEEKODA IS GOING TO MAKE ME MUFFS FROM THESE BEAVER SKINS—AND THEY WILL BE STILL WARMER THAN YOURS, YOUNG HAWK! AND I AM GOING OUT TO HUNT WITH TOWI!

WHEN THE SNOW IS OVER YOUR HEAD, AKIMOK.



LONG AGO — AND FAR AWAY . . . TOWARD THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN . . .



WHEN WE PADDLED DOWN THE GREAT RIVER. THE WIDE RIVER--- TOWI---



---UNTIL LITTLE BROTHER BECOMES JEALOUS AND TWISTS THE SINGER'S EAR FOR ATTENTION!

HAI, HAI, HAI!

TAH-HEEE! DODGE HIM, LITTLE BROTHER!

ZHO!, HO!, HO!



THEN EVERYBODY LAUGHS --- AND THE LIGHT THROUGH THE SMOKE HOLE SEEKS BRIGHTER --- AND SPRINGS NOT SO FAR AWAY!

# Indian Calumets



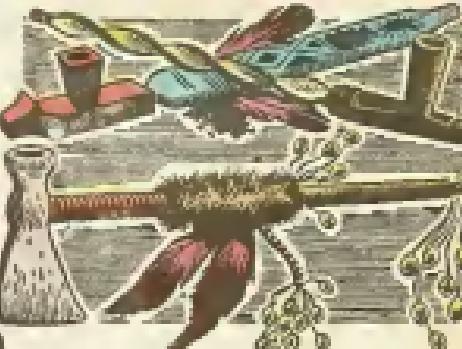
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Among various Indian tribes the calumet (peace pipe) ceremony was a part of every treaty, whether between Indian tribes, or Indians and whites. Also, any brave who carried a calumet was accepted as a friend by the various tribes he traveled among.



Most calumets were elaborately decorated, but not heavy. However, some stone pipes, carved in the effigies of men, birds and animals (note wolf bowl above), were 10 inches high, 18 inches long, and weighed between 15 and 18 pounds!

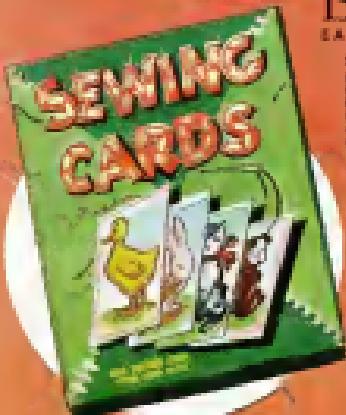
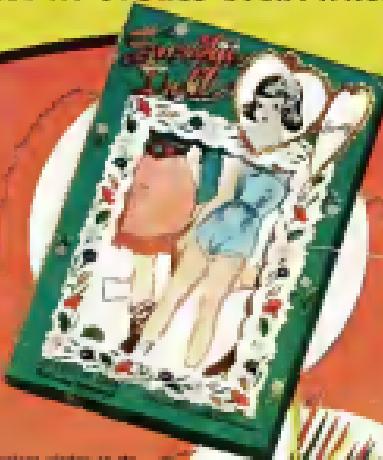
The great feathered calumets of the Crow Indians (above), with polished bowls, and long stems decorated with painted feathers, fur, beadwork and horsehair plumes, were examples of the importance the Indians attached to their ceremonial pipes.



Most white men connect "smoking the peace pipe" with "burying the tomahawk," but among some tribes the "peace pipe" is a replica of the tomahawk, as shown by the Menomini Indians tomahawk pipe above. The crossed calumets are more common pipe designs.

# Have lots of fun... with inexpensive Whitman toys and games

NOW ON SALE AT STORES EVERYWHERE



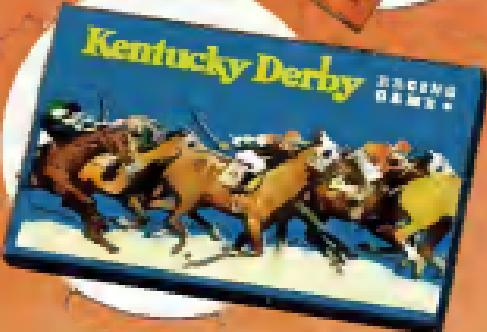
#### SEWING CARDS

Here are the four cards you'll need to make the sewing at the top right. The large cards have gay colored pictures with many printed holes to punch like those on lace.

29c



25c



29c

#### KENTUCKY DERBY

Give your horse the big lead and win the Kentucky Derby! You can do it easily with the cards shown below. Cut out the horses to race them. The colors are real fresh, bright, and happy. And there's a great story to tell.

Please write again or come see our Magazine design studio.  
Published by WHITMAN, world's largest publishers of children's books!



Cut this photo out. Look for different champion pictures on other Dell Comics.

# "C'mon, SPARK UP!"

Said Stan Musial,  
of the St. Louis Cardinals



"I COULDN'T HIT  
WELL ENOUGH  
TO MAKE MY  
SCHOOL TEAM  
UNTIL STAN  
MUSIAL SHOWED  
ME HOW TO  
SPARK!"



FOLLOWING THROUGH  
ON YOUR SWING LIKE  
THIS HELPS YOU GET  
MORE HITS. AND BE SURE  
YOU HAVE LOTS OF SPARK!

GET PLENTY OF PRACTICE, SLEEP  
AND EAT ENERGY FOODS LIKE  
WHEATIES! THAT'S HOW I SPARK  
UP!



Nnom nom! WHEATIES  
SURE TASTE GOOD!



THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL  
OF WHEAT IN EVERY  
WHEATIES FLAKE

- WHOLE WHEAT FOR GROWTH
- WHOLE WHEAT FOR STRENGTH
- WHOLE WHEAT FOR RED BLOOD

SPARK UP WITH WHEATIES!

Digital  
Comic  
Preservation

Another  
pointless  
scan by  
Kritter

You got a friggin' Problem  
with me?!?  
Yeah, I didn't think so.

If you like it,  
then buy it!  
Don't make me  
come looking  
for you!

